

POEMS



T. W. FYLES, D.C.L.

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With the
best of wishes
to you and
yours

Yours truly
J. H. H.

With the
Author's kind
regards.

June 11th.
1917.



Yours sincerely,
Thomas W. Hyles.

POEMS

BY
THOMAS W. FYLES, D.C.L.



TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1907

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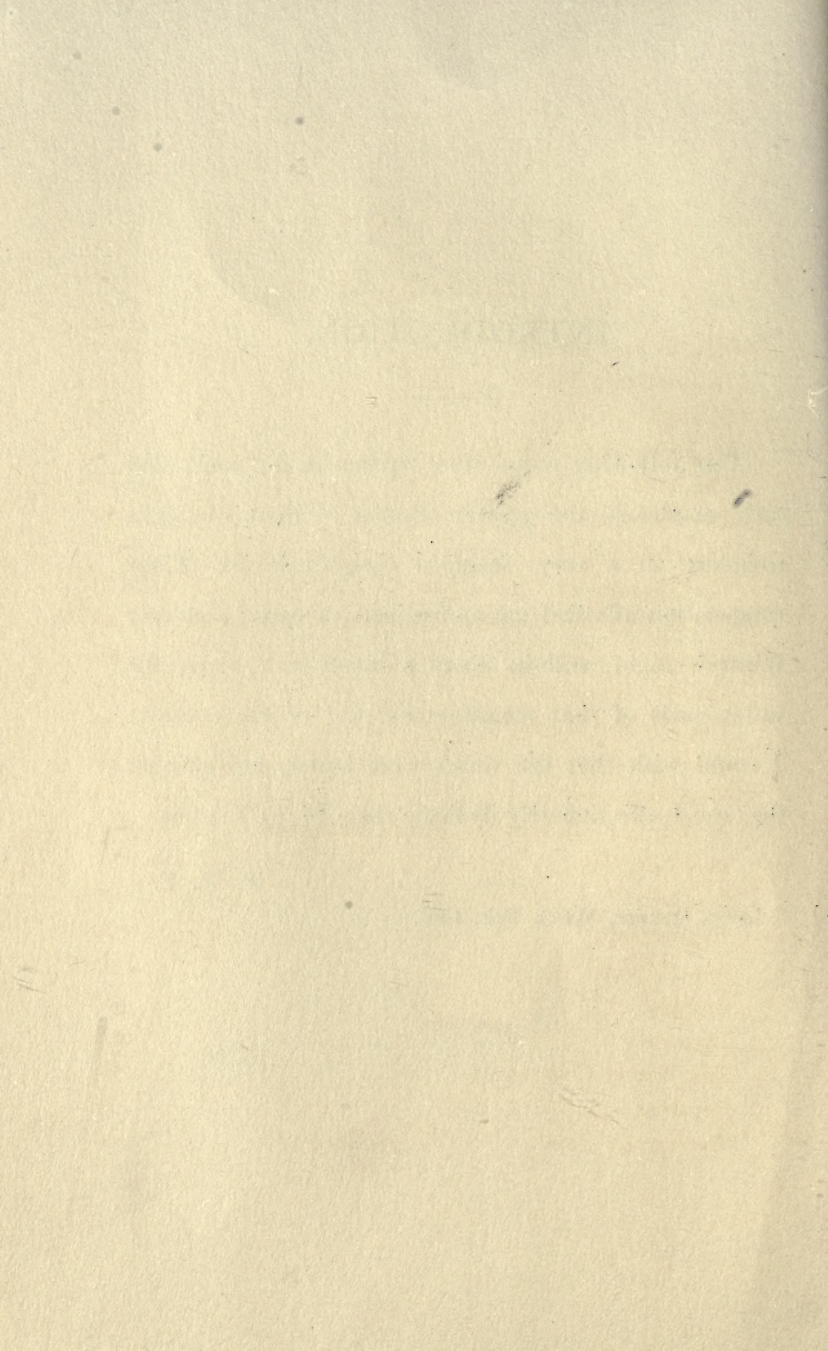
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

INTRODUCTION.

THE following poems were written in my youth and early manhood—the greater number of them during a residence in a very secluded neighborhood. Their composition afforded me amusement in many a stormy Winter's night, and in many a lonely ride along the valley-roads of that mountainous part of the country. I could wish that the verses were better, but such as they are I affectionately dedicate them to my Friends.

T. W. F.

LEVIS, QUEBEC, March 26th, 1907.

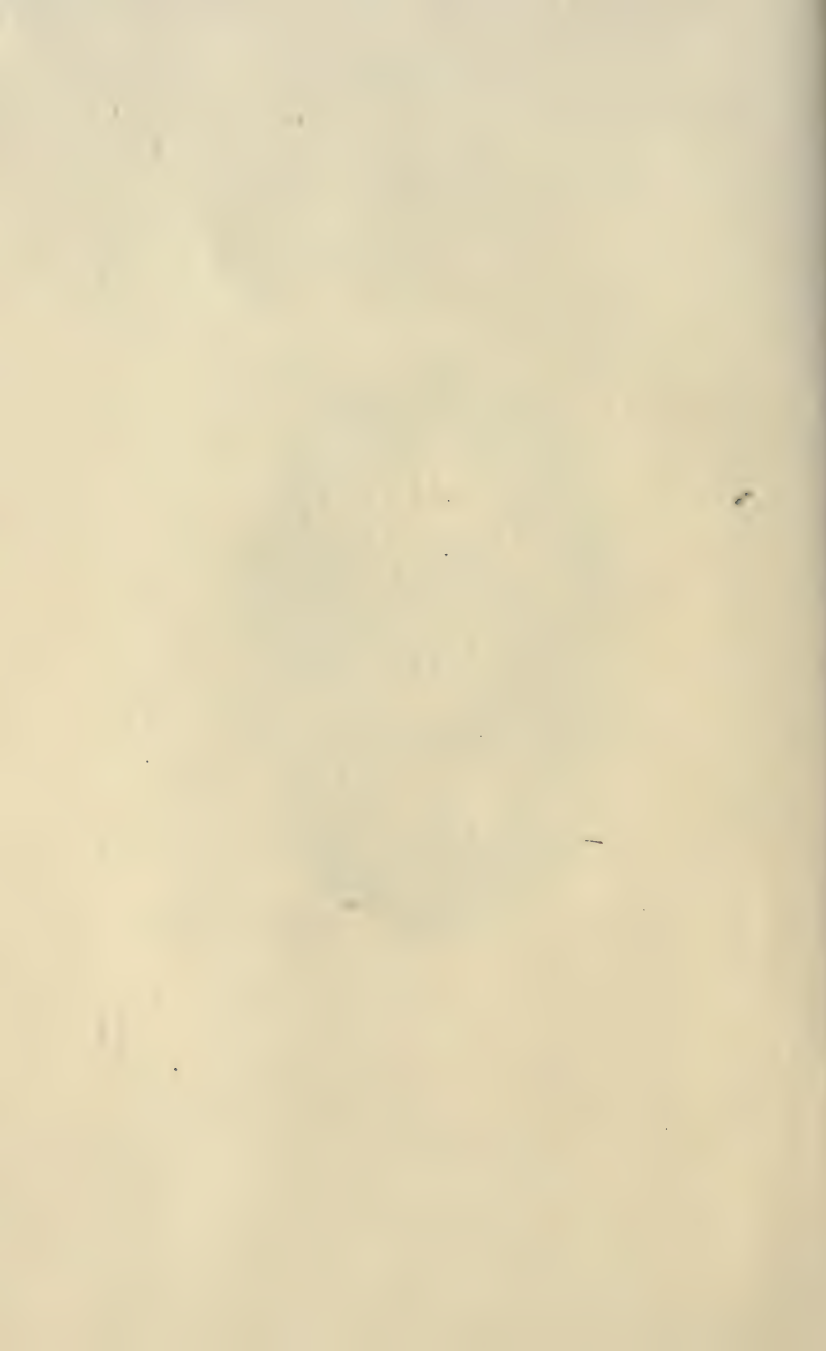


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IN THE SUGAR WOODS.

Mary.

"THE Earth is long entranc'd!"

Emma.

"'Tis cold and bound.

Nor insect's hum, nor song of happy bird,
Relieves the craving ear. On all around
Sits Silence heavily."

Robert.

"But hark! I heard

A rustling: were the beech leaves yonder stirr'd?"

William.

"Perchance a breath came o'er them from the South
And shook them lightly."

Emma.

"Sear, as by the mouth

Of furnace scorch'd; their decidence deferr'd,
They cling around the branches."

William.

“Hark again!
There is a dripping faintly musical.”

Robert.

“Yes, into vessels hung by thrifty men
To wounded maples, sweet drops slowly fall.”

Mary.

“Ere long will course the circulation then,
O Bounteous Mother, through thine arteries all.”

SPRING.

MERRY is the wood-land,
 In the Spring-time of the year,
 When birds are gaily singing,
 And the star-like flowers appear !

(*Refrain.*) O wealth of starry flowers,
 O tide of silver song,
 That greet the sunny hours
 The pleasant trees among.

The Winter's reign is ended,
 And the ice and snow are fled ;
 The budding spray, extended,
 Flecks the blue sky overhead.

(*Refrain.*) O pleasant green-wood bowers,
 With broken sunlight gay !
 O rosy-footed hours
 That swept the storms away !

The mountain runnels twinkle,
 Making merry music near ;
 The distant sheep-bell's tinkle
 Faintly falls upon the ear.

(*Refrain.*) O airs with gladness ringing—
 O cool, refreshing rills—
 To laughing valleys bringing
 The love-notes of the hills !

Chorus.

Old Winter, near the ingle,
Crouch'd forlornly all the day;
The boy Spring, blithe and nimble,
Loves in leafy woods to stray.
Then O! for the joys of the woodland,
For a romp with the infant Spring,
Where soft airs blow, and wild flowers grow,
And rivulets from the uplands flow,
And the birds so merrily sing!

IN MEMORIAM.

A. M. R.

Ob. June 2nd, 1882.

“DEAR Father, pick the flowers!”—
 The words were faint and mild;
 They fell, that Spring-tide even,
 From her, *his dying child*.

“Dear Father, pick the flowers,
 So fresh and pure and white,
 So eloquent with promise
 Of Summer-days’ delight.”

And fondly he the choicest
 Secured, an off’ring fair,
 For her so pure and fragile—
 The sweetest blossom there.

* * * * *

Again he gather’d flowers,
 Like those she counted dear,
 And wreath’d them in devices,
 To deck the lov’d one’s bier.

For God our Father gathers
 His flowers one by one,
And changes them to Amaranth,
 For love of His dear Son;

And bids men cease from sorrow,
 And upward raise their eyes,
Forgetting this world's partings
 In hopes of Paradise.

THE POOL.

I STAND by the pool in the even,
 The clouds are all gone from the sky;
 There are stars in the depth of the heaven,
 And stars in the still water lie.

How broad and how deep is the heaven,—
 The pool it is shallow and small;
 Yet it gives back a part of the glory
 The wonderful heaven lets fall.

'Twas form'd, as we know, from the droplets—
 The clouds wept them late in the day—
 And to-morrow the sun, as it shineth,
 Will speedily hale it away.

This pool, in its swift evanescence,
 An emblem of life is to me:
 And the star-spangled depth that surrounds us
 Eternity seemeth to be.

I would that my life, while it passes,
 Reflections may ever retain
 Of the beauties of Him who inhabits
 Eternity's boundless domain.

THE BROOK.

BEHOLD, the rippling rill, with many a bound,
 As restless as a lambkin in its play,
 Amid the verdant meadows winds its way—
 A band of ribbon on a velvet ground!
 Now glancing gaily o'er the pebbled shallows,
 Now in a deeper channel slowly gliding—
 Fondly lingering, but ne'er abiding—
 It may not stay
 Where sleepy lilies make its mimic waves their pillows,
 And arrow-heads its bosom pierce.
 'Tis hiding,
 Now, amid the meadow-sweet and flags and willows;
 And now, with current fierce,
 It breaks away!



THE GLOAMING.

THE twilight is a-dying in the sky ;
 And ebon clouds are gath'ring for its bier.
 Within the East, their hours of revel nigh,
 The darkling elves their glimmering lamps uprear.
 The minstrels of the day have gone to rest :
 The linnet sleeps with head beneath its wing,
 In thickest brake the robin hides its breast,
 And in the grass the lark is cowering.
 While Nature drowzes in tranquility,
 Night comes in silence to resume her reign ;
 The deep mysterious sky, the sombre plain,
 Now seem as things beheld in fantasy ;
 The darkness closes in oppressively,
 And e'en the excess of calm becomes a pain.

THE MESSAGE—A CHILD'S FANCY.

“Father, are the stars peep-holes made by the little boys and girls who have gone to heaven and want us to come to them?”

THE azure robe of heaven
 Is decked with spangles bright;
 It veils from earthly vision
 The realms of heavenly light.
 And the glimmering points above us
 Are peep-holes, made by those
 (The blessed ones!) who love us,
 In the land of sweet repose.

They've passed the void, but tarry
 Upon the farther strand;
 Those twinkling sparklets carry
 A message from their hand.
 'Tis “Press for heaven above you,
 That's veiled from human eye;
 Forget not those who love you
 Beyond the starry sky.”

IN THE ENGLISH MEADOWS—THE SONG
OF THE LARK.

THE little lavrock trills
A joyous song to-day;
His voice the welkin fills—
What is it he would say?

“I thank Thee, gracious God,
For all that Thou hast given:—
The ever verdant sod,
The clear blue vault of heaven,
For life and liberty,
For love and happiness—
Since all things come of Thee,
For all things Thee I bless.
At morn and mid-day clear,
At closing of the day,
Thou still my voice shalt hear—
Accept the grateful lay!”

Sing on, thou minstrel dear!
Arouse to rivalry
All tuneful things that hear
Thy rapturous melody!
And man—his own heart singing—
Shall mark how heaven above,
With countless voices ringing,
Is tremulous with love.



SUNDAY.

PRIME day of all the Seven, we greet thee! Now
 The harsh sounds cease that placid Ease affright,
 And brawny Labor wipes his moisten'd brow,
 Descends his car, and robes his arm of might.
 And Nature's breathings soothe the weary wight—
 The carol of the sweet bird, from the bough,
 Falls, with a soften'd cadence, to delight
 His ear; the wild bee, murmuring, charms him now.
 These golden moments earthly cares allow
 To calm content and communings with God
 Are in Life's thirsty wilderness, I trow,
 The sheltering palms that o'er its fountains nod;
 Their foliage sheds a fostering umbrage on
 The limpid founts that bid them bourgeon.



THE ST. LAWRENCE.

MAJESTIC river of the Western world,

Profound, and broad, and swiftly flowing stream !

Now o'er some rough descent tumultuous hurl'd,

Now gliding silently, thy waters gleam.

The pleasant maples, all the Summer green,

On either marge hang fondly o'er thy flood ;

Upon thy flood, when Autumn's breath grows keen,

Their foliage is dissolved in tears of blood.

The sportive Naiads, in some happy mood,

Have with a thousand islets deck'd thy breast—

Haunts of the oriole, whose tender brood

She rears above thee, in her pendent nest ;

The delicate cradle oscillates on high ;

Thy rimplings underneath sing lullaby.



THE THUNDER-STORM.

CÔTE-DES-NEIGES.

THE Ethiop night her darkest shadow flings;
 With densest cumuli the sky is spread;
 And solemn Silence, on her owlet wings,
 Glides fitfully around the mountain's head.
 The city's many lights below are scatter'd,
 And here and there a fire-fly's lamp is seen,—
 Ah, now the tempest comes! The clouds are shatter'd,
 And from the Thunderer's hand* the lightnings
 gleam.

The pines and birches o'er my pathway quiver;
 And, for a moment, blue, unearthly bright,
 The city and the mountains and the river
 (Oh! wondrous fairy vision!) burst in sight.
 A moment more, and deafening is the din,
 As if high heaven's huge dome were tumbling in.

“ He had shafts of light coming out of his hand.”—HAB. iii. 4.

PEACE.

THE heavens are hush'd; the earth is still;
No sounds assail the list'ning ear,
Save warbled hymns, that sweetly trill
From many a bosky temple near.

A calm is sunk on all around—
The stream glides by with bosom fair;
The aspen leaves, in sleep profound,
Forget to twinkle in the air.

Let me partake the general rest,
And seek repose, with Nature kind;
Let no vain passion move my breast,
No anxious thought disturb my mind.

THE INVITATION.

I FOUND a spot to-day
Where spruce and hawthorn grow,
And o'er the sunny way
Their pleasant shadows throw.

Shut in from outer sight,
Retired and fresh and fair,
A temple of delight
For loving hearts is there.

The twitter of the bird—
Himself unseen the while—
Is all the sound that's heard
Within the bosky aisle.

The purple-spotted leaves
Of hawkweed spread the ground;
Its golden buds, in sheaves,
On every side abound.

And fair Philodice*

The charm of motion lends,
And, flitting silently,
Now here, now there, descends.

Beneath the spreading boughs
White agarics are seen ;
And there are fairy knowes—
There sleeps the fairy queen.

Oh, Mary, come with me,
To see this temple fair ;
Be its divinity,
And I'll be worshipper.

* *Colias Philodice.*



A MIDNIGHT WALK IN THE BROME MOUNTAINS.

ON either hand arise the rugged hills,
 And leafy branches mingle overhead ;
 O'er all heaven's blue unclouded vault is spread,
 Which the round moon with silver radiance fills.
 The *Grillus* chirrups, the *Æcantha* shrills—
 Ten thousand quavering notes are round us blent ;
 The shaken air itself seems sibilent ;
 From every brake the constant burden trills.
 It is to us as an outlandish tongue—
 We hear it and pass on, acquiring nought ;
 We know not with what meanings it is fraught—
 What triumphs, hopes and fears in it are sung.
 To Him who plann'd the universe, alone,
 Ascends the import of each several tone.

“THE FALL.”

How quiet is the woodland! Frost has chill'd
 Its insect population into silence.
 Far south, with eager flight, the summer birds
 Are gone; and, missing them, the goodly trees
 Have blush'd deep red, through all their foliage,
 For shame at the inhospitable time.
 Leaves curl'd and crisp already strew the sod—
 Earth's wrapping 'gainst the Winter's cold. The fern,
 So elegant erstwhile, is wilted now.
 The golden-rod has paled to sickly ash,
 And stands a spendthrift, shabby and despised—
 Its wealth departed ere its day is done.

Where yonder snake-fence bounds the shaggy wood,
 The daisy, sacred to St. Michael, still
 Wears purple mourning for the flow'rets gone;
 And spears of grass that 'scaped the mower's hand—
 Their heads half eaten by the grasshoppers—
 Stand tall, and rustle in the passing breeze.

The slanting rays of the October sun
 But coldly gild the earth: beneath the beams—
 Its foison garner'd—all the meadow-land
 Lies slumbering, like Samson shorn of strength.

Afar, and back'd by the empurpled hills,
The village lies—a cluster of toy-houses.
Its tinn'd church-spire gleams with reflected light,
Like bayonet of some tall sentinel
Catching the western glow. With shriek and roar
The train breaks in upon the restful scene,
Then snorts itself away. It leaves behind
The pleasing sense that all this quietude
Hath yet connection with the busy town.



OCTOBER.

THE leaves are dripping from the recent showers;
 Drearily closes the Autumnal day;
 The prodigal Earth hath spent its wealth of flowers,
 That made the Summer landscape look so gay.
 Baneberries, red and white, beside my way,
 A faint relief the faded greensward lend—
 “They’re poisonous,” the country-people say,
 “Do not on fair appearances depend.”
 My fleeting moments now to Winter tend,
 And hopes that cheer’d my early hours are gone;
 My sober way I warily tread forlorn,
 Mistrusting joys that with life’s sorrows blend.
 Another year will bring fresh flowers to earth;
 But youth’s dead fancies know no second birth.

BOPBΘPOΔΕΣ.

THE world is a dirty world !

I have pick'd my way through the muck ;
But, at every step of my journey,
Additional filth has stuck.

It is, O to wash one's hands

From all defilements clean !

It is, O by the angels of God

In decent clothes to be seen !

I am weary of the mud,

So slippery, foul and black—

Pray Heaven the rest of my journey

May be in a fairer track.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

TO-NIGHT the vast profound of heaven
 Is with th' Aurora's splendors riven;
 Like flaming swords of cherubim,
 The flashes glance where stars show dim;
 They fire, they fade, they rise, they fall,
 Like tapers in high carnival.
 And still new forms to them are given—
 They seem awhile the gates of heaven;
 And now the throne of God; and now
 A crown of brilliance for His brow.

In Arctic lands of constant snow,
 They cheer the stunted Eskimo—
 Enliv'ning, with their ruddy light,
 His weary Winter of long night.

From Western forests they are seen
 By dusky Indians, who deem
 That, in their wild unearthly fires,
 They see the spirits of their sires,
 Dancing amid the ruddy glow
 That veils the mighty Manitou.

And men of southern climes have seen
Strange omens in their wavering sheen :
The Glendour, chieftain brave and bold,
Of burning fiery cressets told,
That, on the forefront of the sky,
Appeared at his nativity,
Betokening that his should be
A life of strange fatality.

Whate'er besides from them he learns,
This truth man evermore discerns,—
That *He is great*, who made them fair—
Their silent tongues His power declare ;
Their brightness publishes the might
Of Him who is the perfect Light ;
Of Him it eloquently tells
Who in supreme effulgence dwells.

CHANGED.

'Twas at this spot we met,
In leafy Summer-time;
The lark o'erhead was singing—
Its heart less fond than thine.

How changed, in this bleak hour,
The dreary land appears!
The wintry gales are blowing;
The heaven its mourning wears.

But ah, the weary change—
The change I find in thee!
Thy glance hath lost the fondness
That fill'd my heart with glee.

DECEMBER.

I.

THE river, the desolate river!
Unrippled by plashing of oars,
Reflecting the frown of the forest,
That heavily burdens its shores.

Its reaches successively widen,
In scallops of headland and bay;
Obscured by the lowering heaven,
So chill, and so voiceless, and grey.

O where are the well-freighted vessels
That, swan-like, sail'd over its breast,
Conveying the old-country treasures,
To gladden this world of the West?

The furrows they ploughed are all levell'd;
They've left not a trace of their way;
They're gone like a dream of the darkness;
They're gone like the fragrance of May.

For, borne on the breeze from the Arctic,
Approacheth the wild Winter king,
To roughen with ridges the river,
And blinding snow eddies to fling.

II.

ARRIVES there in life-time of mortals,
When Death is not far from the door,
A period of mournful inaction,
When service and mirth are no more—

When riches and wisdom acquired
From stores of the earlier born,
No longer by them are imparted
To those of a subsequent dawn?

Alas, if it be so appointed!
But store your capacities right,
And seize ye occasion for progress,
While yet your surroundings are bright.

While season and tide are propitious,
Advance ye the good ye have won;
And long your memorials shall linger,
In good that your service hath done.

THE WINTER CELEBRATION.

HURRAH, for the bracing Winter!
Hurrah, for the northern blast,
That scatters the flakes o'er the fields and lakes,
And binds the torrents fast.

O queenly Hochelaga,
Crown'd with the constant pine,
Shew all thy skill, with right good will,
To welcome the joyous time.

Rear high thy fairy castle
With blocks from the quarried stream;
Set it ablaze with electric rays
Till its keep and its curtains gleam.

Muster thy sturdy athletes,
In quaint Canadian garb—
In blanket suit and sash and tuque,
Its battlements to guard.

Let the rockets rise, and sprinkle
With stars the frosty night;
Light the red fire, till tower and spire
Are a vision of weird delight.

Then form the long procession,
With torches all aglow,
Up the Royal Height, like a serpent bright,
By the winding way to go.

While the blatant trumpets blow,
And the pipes play shrill and clear,
And the drums beat time, and the cymbals chime,
And the gather'd thousands cheer.

While the sleigh-bells' pleasant warning
Comes with a rhythmic sound,
As the gay sleighs, laden with youth and maiden,
Glide o'er the frozen ground.

Hurrah for the bracing Winter,
For the ice-lock'd lake and stream,
For the landscape fair, and the pure, keen air,
And the woods with their silver sheen!

DEPARTED.

"The field of God sown with the seeds of the resurrection."—*Jeremy Taylor*.

WHEN, in the quiet church-yard, sods for coverlet are
spread

O'er one whom we have gently laid within his earthy
bed,

His beauty, e'en more lovable than it in truth was
known,

Is, to the mourner's tearful eye, in Mem'ry's mirror
shewn.

We wonder greatly that we did not hold in more esteem
The dear one whose deserts we now inestimable deem.
Our love all his good qualities in one *immortelle* binds;
And every day a thousand things recall him to our
minds.

In less degree we cherish, when we hear the wintry
blast,

The memory of pleasures in the Summer that is past.

We marvel all the dreary day that we could lightly
prize

The sunny hills, the laughing rills, the tender azure
skies,

The honeyed notes from wild birds' throats, the hum of
golden bees,

The whisper'd tales of Southern gales that swept along
the leas.

But though the signs of death surround, though Nature
mourns her dead

With wailing winds, and pallid brow, and bare wild
arms outspread,

Commingled with our sadness for the Summer that is
gone

Is hope that breathes of gladness that the Spring will
shortly come—

Will come with all its voices, and will come with all its
flowers,

Will come with all its freshness and its life-awak'ning
showers.

Behold a token where the blast that swept the bloom
away

Hath scatter'd seeds to reproduce the charms of
yesterday.

And shall we deem the loved ones, whom we mourn,
forever lost,

Like momentary meteors that night's dark brow have
crost?

Are their lives' rivers mingled with the waters of a sea,
From which the sun shall never raise bright drops of
purity?

Have they, like Summer roses now, been shatter'd by
the wind?

Have they, unlike the roses, left no germ for hope
behind?

Oh, Death, who wrecks our gardens, sows most precious
seed, and when

The glorious Spring-tide opens the flowers will come
again.

THE LONELY BARN ; OR, A WINTER
TRAGEDY.

“Owre true a tale.”

’TWAS distant from “The Grange,” its owner’s dwelling ;

It stood a gun-shot from the travelled way ;
And while the drifts in frequent storms were swelling,
It held unbroken its reserve of hay.

At length, when home supplies were nearly finished,

The farmer came with team and hired man :
His nearer barns, he said, must be replenished,
With needful fodder, ere a thaw began.

Both man and master worked : the load grew quickly—

The keen cold air no loitering would allow ;
When he above turned, with a visage sickly,
And said, “Here is a dead man in the mow !”

His fork exposed the body, drawn together,
Blue, mottled, and as marble hard and cold.
The prowling vermin, in the bitter weather,
Had tried to gnaw it—hunger made them bold!

“*A stranger’s form; and decently attired!*”
They drove in haste to tell what they had found.
“Who can it be?” was eagerly enquired,
As neighbors gather’d from the homesteads ’round.

None knew—the awful presence was a mystery!
On close investigation nought was shown
To be an index to his name and history—
The verdict was, “*Found dead, a man unknown.*”

THE CAVALIER

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE watch-fire sheds a ruddy light;
 The laughing flame, in fierce delight,
 Flickers and wavers, and eddies and parts,
 Curling and hissing as upward it darts;
 And the sombre night that hath no moon
 Gathers around with a deeper gloom,
 As if it would stifle the daring flame
 For scorning the might of its ancient reign;
 And the wind, with a hollow despairing sound,
 Moans in the depths of the forest around,
 Or clamors and shrieks overhead in the sky,
 In the unknown tongue of its agony.

But in the circle of light and heat
 Gay voices rise and glad hearts beat—
 Glad hearts that reck not the coming morrow
 Of toil and strife, and, it may be,
 Of death ungraced by victory—
 That apprehend nor shame nor sorrow.

There are stalworth forms on the mossy ground,
 There are snorting chargers tethered around,
 There are sentinels pacing, with watchful eyes,
 Lest the neighboring foe should the covert surprise;

There are fire-locks near, there are keen blades ready,
There are sinewy arms, there are hands that are steady,
There are eyes that are true—warm greeting and cheer
Would the Roundheads receive were they now to
appear.

Oh, but the laughter rings lusty and cheery!
The hooting owl flits wond'ring away
From the hollow elm tree, where, from break of the day,
It mopingly dozed, of the sunshine aweary—
Its dull ear can brook nought so careless and gay.

The chief of this gallant companie
Gather'd beneath the greenwood tree;
Mark where he rises with carriage so free.
'Tis Sir Avery Ellsworth, a noble youth,
With an iron frame and a heart of truth,
And courage tried in deadly fray
With the fiercest bands in Skippon's pay.
"Comrades," saith he, "I will propose
A toast before ye seek repose.
Pass round the flagon,—*A health to the King!*
God bless him, and shame on his enemies bring."

With a deep "Amen" from the earth they start,
And each man, laying his hand o'er his heart,
Echoes the prayer with a fervor sublime
Ere he empties his cup of the generous wine.

Then they pile more wood on the blazing heap,
Button their buff-coats up to the chin,
Pillow their heads on their saddles, and sleep
Such sleep as the soldier afield may win.

But their leader is not with slumber blest;
He hath seated himself on a fallen tree,

And gloomy thoughts to his heart have prest,
And his brow is contracted painfully.
He thinks of his grey-headed father slain
In the cause of his king on Banbury plain,
Of his beardless brother, gallant and fair,
Who fell on that field so fatal and gory—
One ear was green and another was hoary—
Of the harvest of loyalty gathered there.

Then on his mistress museth he—
Alas, she deserves not his high regard!
She loveth his halls and his seignory;
And by sordid love true love is out-barr'd.
Pity that aught that is selfish and hard
In the bosom of beauty ever should rest!
By the dross that sullies the miser's breast
That casket fair should never be marr'd.

But Sir Avery loveth the lady well,
And his spirit reverts to her distant home,
With a longing that weariness cannot dispel;
And there is a tenderness in the tone
Of his prayer to the God of the battle array
That Peace may soon assert her sway,
And the royal Charles regain his own.

CANTO THE SECOND.

Worcester's field with blood hath been red,
And the Second Charles hath gone over the sea;
And Sir Avery Ellsworth hideth his head
In the home of a Royalist family
Far away in Berkeley Vale.

Weary and worn and sad is the knight,
Feeble in body, with anguish pale—
He was sore wounded in the fight.
And thus to himself he maketh moan,—
“Would I were dead—to abide alone
In the peopled earth is bitter grief;
To feel that the future can bring no relief—
No calm to the tempest—no dawn to the night.
I trusted a kinsman: he did me wrong—
He won my domains by chicanery—
He robbed me of one who was dearest to me—
Oh, her love was feeble—yet my love was strong.
I honored my king; and I saw him die—
The gallant Christian gentleman!—
Beset by fanatical wretches; whilst I
Burn’d, like a chain’d cougar for freedom, to fly
At the throats of the fiends who exulting stood
Whilst the crimson stream of the martyr’s blood
To the shuddering earth from the scaffold ran.

My early comrades, one by one,
Died for their King on well-fought fields,
And now the Brewer of Huntingdon
The iron rod of the Commonwealth wields.
Harsh greed and smooth hypocrisy
Have fill’d the land with misery.
’Twere well to die: if I may not die,
God give me strength that I may fly
To lands of strangers o’er the foam,
For my native land is alien grown.

CANTO THE THIRD.

The darker the night, the more welcome the glow
Across a desolate waste that shines;
The more lonely the lot, the sweeter the show
Of sympathy is to a heart that pines.
And Lucy Waynflete pitieth
The brave man brought so near to death.
And Lucy is wond'rous fair to see,
Sweetly bold in her purity;
Her cheek hath the flush of innocent youth;
Her eye is lit with the light of truth;
And her words give comfort; her smiles bring cheer
To the heart that was wasted and barren and drear;
And her influence acts like the sun in Spring—
Unbinding—wak'ning—nurturing
The joys that were fetter'd, and hidden, and low,
In the heart's bleak Winter—its frost and its snow.
And as she lifts her voice in song,
Fresh hopes to Ellsworth's bosom throng.

LUCY WAYNFLETE'S SONG.

I.

O take ye courage, loyal men:
For God's Word is all royalty,
And kingly rights, and loyalty;
And treason may look bold to-day,
But God's Word shall not pass away;
And the King shall have his own again.

II.

O take ye courage, loyal men:
For Merrie England, wrapt in gloom,
Shall fling the cere-cloth from her soon.
A thousand years' traditions cling
In this land to the name of *King*;
And Charles shall have his own again.

III.

O take ye courage, loyal men:
Good seed our heroes freely strow'd
On fields that they enrich'd with blood;
And such a harvest thence shall spring
As none may gather save a king,
And Charles shall have his own again.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

In the old church tower the glad bells ring;
In Ellsworth Court the gleemen sing;
And the hills re-echo with many a shout,
Where the tenantry gather the bonfires about;
And they sing the song, and tell the tale,
And drink deep draughts of nut-brown ale,
For Sir Avery Ellsworth has come to his own,
And the King is his guest in his ancient home.

Within the hall, where banners wave
O'er coats of mail that have clad the brave,
Where shield and sword and hunting-spear
Are hung with the horns of the fallow-deer,

Knights and nobles of high degree
Are seated—a gallant company;
And happy and fair at the head of the board,
The Lady Lucy sits by her lord.
And the wine is good, and the viands are rare,
And the men are loyal, the ladies fair;
And the King looks round with a gladsome eye,
And thinks of the days of adversity.
And the merry monarch needs must tell
Of his adventure at Boscobel,
When Careless and he in the oak abode,
While Cromwell's troopers beneath them rode.
Then he calls on his host to tell the tale
Of his own adventures in Berkeley Vale.

SIR AVERY ELLSWORTH'S STORY.

Sire, on Worcester's fatal day
Ralph Waynflete led me from the fray,
And, aided by a faithful groom,
Along by-lanes, in evening gloom,
He bore me to his father's home
That stands where Severn's waters roam.
You know the place: the watch-tower stands
Upon a point, whence it commands
The broad approaches of the flood—
A jetty offers landing good.
The timber'd frontage far extends;
Quaint barge-boards grace its gable ends,
The ivy mounts triumphantly
Where cluster'd chimneys greet the sky;

The chapel windows, richly painted,
Shew angels bright and worthies sainted;
And goodly yew-trees, widely spread,
Adorn the garth where sleep the dead.

Within those yew-trees' deepest gloom
There is a fairly sculptured tomb,
Where rests—for so the gossips tell—
Sir Richard, who at Bosworth fell.
A secret passage from that tomb
Leads to the Hall's securest room.
And thither I, a weary wight,
Was borne by Ralph at dead of night.
And there he loving tendance gave,
And saved me from an early grave.

It seems that old Sir Ralph had done
Some kindness once to Ireton,
And the fierce Roundhead let him be
From loss and molestation free.
Once only came a band of men
"To search the old Malignant's den";
But haply there were faithful eyes
Which guarded us against surprise,
And in Sir Richard's tomb I lay
While passed the tardy hours of day.

When night outspread its ebon wing
Dear Lucy volunteer'd to bring
Welcome refreshment, wine and food,
And deftly pass'd the sentries rude.
Outside one rascal at his post
Swore roundly that he saw a ghost;

But those within in deep carouse
Nor mark'd her leave nor gain the house.

Oh, when my lady came that night,
A ministering angel bright,
Though I was landless, poor and weak,
My love I could not fail to speak.
And there she sweetly promised me
That she my bride ere long would be.
I need not tell you of the chance
That offer'd of escape to France,
Nor how, when times grew calm once more,
And my old friend, Sir Ralph, was dead,
I found my way to Severn's shore,
And Lucy and myself were wed.

My faithless kinsman and his wife
Together lived a sorry life,
Till the Dutch plague came o'er the main,
And one day carried off the twain.
Then my estates came back to me—
Injustice may not long prevail—
So please you, Sire, I end my tale,
And pray God bless your Majesty.



THE DISTINGUISHED EXIT OF MR. RICHARD
RAINFORD, OF KETELTHORPE FERRY,
IN THE COUNTY OF BLANK.

THE SCENE.

KETELTHORPE Common is barren and bare;
Little save heather and gorse is found there;
They play sad work with the wool, or the hair,
 Of the walking anatomies
 Sent to get fat on this
Common so dreary, on commons so spare.

Over Ketelthorpe Common the lapwings fly,
And wail to each other lugubriously;
And the brown bittern booms from the Flash hard by;
 And the wild duck and teal
 O'er the still waters wheel,
While the grey geese make triangles up in the sky.

Upon Ketelthorpe Common some pits may be seen,
With dark water plenished, with duck-weed green.
They yield in the day a malodorous steam,
 And sustain in the night
 That ridiculous sprite
With St. Vitus's dance—Jack-a-Lantern* I mean.

* *Ignis fatuus.*

O the pits they were dug in the good old time
 When ev'ry old dame cultivated the *Line*,*
 And spun her own thread—it was *strong* if not *fine*;
 And in them the flax
 Was put to relax,
 And to poison the air with a smell cloacine.

Now *in* them the effets and tadpoles wriggle;
 And *on* them Gyrinidæ waltz without fiddle,
 On *this* side, on *that*, round about, down the middle;
 And dragon-flies flout them,
 And gnats skim about them—
 Their antics would make even Niobe giggle.

And horses, out at the elbows,† creep
 Down to the pools, with vagabond sheep
 And rough Highland bullocks—the water is cheap;
 And they drink without fear
 Of the horse-leach near,
 Who disdains in their blood his nozzle to steep.

THE CULPRIT.

A league from the village is Ferry *I guess*.
 There doth Dick Rainford a dwelling possess.
 Dick is a fellow whom few people bless:
 He is sullen and sour,
 Doleful and dour—
 Not a chap that a lady would wish to caress.

* *Linum usitatissimum* (Linn.). † Broken-kneed.

Dick hates all his neighbors, and they dislike him;
And his credit is *nil* at the store and the inn.

There is none very anxious to be of his kin—

He courted Miss ——,

I.e., courted her cash,

But she turned him adrift with a shrug and a grin.

Dick knows ev'ry part of the common right well;

The position of every pool he can tell;

He can shew you the pathway to Robin Hood's well,

To the Flash, and the "Ho"

(Which means *Hollow*, you know);

And he says that at midnight his way he can *smell*.

But at night-time the common would certainly not

By many be deemed a delectable spot;

One, having more beer than topography got,

In a swamp to the chin,

Or full length in the whin,

Would find himself soon execrating his lot.

THE WITNESS.

'Tis a night in November: the moon is well-nigh

On its back, and in rags of its blanket,* the sky,

Is wrapt; so the trav'ler should have a good eye,

For if such he lack,

He'll not keep in the track

Over Ketelthorpe Common, where no coaches ply.

* "Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark."

—"Macbeth," Act I., Sc. V.

A shoemaker, having of fiddling the knack,
 In dim obfuscation is staggering back
 From a hamlet adjacent, where (work being slack)
 He has been to enhance
 The delights of a dance,
 By playing the tunes for a jovial pack.

And he there would have waited the morning's *début*,
 Untempting the darkness, unwet by the dew,
 But Remembrance suggested, "Your wife is a shrew,
 Whose tongue with a tang
 Will bid you go hang,
 And whose clutch is as close as the grip of a Jew."

With a stiff glass of grog, then, to strengthen his nerve,
 And another his delicate chest to preserve
 From the chill air of night, and a short pipe to serve
 Of a stopper in place,
 This *pot of disgrace*
 Is aiming for home, no rebuke to deserve.

"What an eerie place! I am all of a twitter,"
 Says he to himself, for although full of liquor,
 He is quite out of spirits; and surely a fitter
 Promenade for Old Bogey,
 The much dreaded fogey,
 Than *this* is, to find out, would puzzle the Vicar.

So dreary the scene is, the poor lonely jackass
Some ill-advised rustic has turned out to pack grass
Within itself, when this sad *su(i)tor* of Bacchus
Comes reeling in sight,
Is so filled with delight
That his boisterous bray would have startled a
Gracchus.

The shoemaker stands for a moment in dread:
A monster confronts him with horns on its head—
A grim, hairy monster by B'elzebub sped.
St. Dunstan, the Stout,
Took the Fiend by the snout:
From *this* man all thoughts of defiance have fled,

For he scurries away at the top of his speed;
He stumbles, and lurches, and takes little heed
To the way he should walk in—the pathway, indeed,
He loses, and wanders,
Through brambles he flounders,
Tears his clothes, tears his person, till face and hands
bleed.

At length, quite o'ercome with his terror and drink,
He falls, near a pool that resembles bad ink,
On a bed of green rushes that grow on its brink.
He thinks himself blest
To have found such a nest,
Then, oblivious, catches what some call "a wink."

An hour, or longer it may be, has sped,
When a man, held by poachers and gypsies in dread,
A "keeper" on duty, is hitherward led.

He hears a slight sound;
He glances around,
And the cobbler he finds on his cool rushen bed.

He steps up and shakes him: "Hullo, friend, what cheer?"

What! A Moses developed? The *ark* is not here.
The fellow is dead as a herring, I fear.

No; he yawns and he stretches,
He moans and he retches—
It is only a case of indulgence in beer."

The shoemaker, roused, shakes his poor muddled pate,
And exclaims, "It is cold—I am all of a quake!
Put some clothes on the bed, and some fire in the grate.

Why did Dick Rainford grope
Around here with a poke?"
The Keeper says, "Nonsense!—for home get-a-gait."*

"Why did Dick Rainford grope?" Did the fellow but
dream,

Or talk about something he really had seen?
It could have been nothing but fancy, I ween.

"Why did Dick Rainford grope
Around here with a poke?"
It could certainly nothing but fancy have been.

* Get-a-going.

THE CRIME.

In Ketelthorpe what a commotion to-day!
The folk to the common are hasting away;
Their horses and sheep have been poisoned, they say,
 Let us follow the crowd
 Exclaiming so loud-
Ly, and learn what the truth is as soon as we may.

Away to the pool where the fiddler was found—
Ah, here's a poor hack lying dead on the ground,
Like Vilkins's Dinah.* The pathway around
 Is all shatter'd and shorn,
 In the death struggle torn
By the hoofs that are now in their last iron bound.

Here of two or three sheep lie the carcasses coiled;
Their fleeces with purging all sodden and soiled,
And their dead staring eyes looking stony and boiled;
 While yonder his head
 An old ram, not yet dead,
Lifts, and *baa's* a lament for the good mutton spoiled.

And fierce-looking men mutter deep imprecations,
The bass to a treble of shrill exclamations
Sustained by the women, whose gesticulations
 Are witch-like, not 'witching—
 Decidedly pitching
Into some—one—or—other—or—both demonstrations.

* "As Vilkins vas valking the garding around,
He espied his dear Dinah lying dead on the ground;
And a vial of pison it lay by her side,
And a billy-dux relating that by pison she died."

—*Cockney ditty.*

And "Who hath done this?" is echoed around.
 Aye, who hath done this? Can the villain be found?
 Were he known to be here, he would soon be unsound.

"Why did Dick Rainford grope
 Around here with a poke?"

Was there sense in the words?—"What is this on the
 ground?"

Exclaims one, "It is meal! For a chemist to see,
 Take it up; that 'tis poisoned small doubt there can be.
 By and by all shall meet, from suspicion to free
 Themselves, at the SUN,*
 And what can be done
 To find out the guilty we then can agree."

THE TRAGEDY.

They meet, and the cobbler's words whisper about;
 And suspicion is rapidly growing thereout.
 Who is yon ugly fellow? 'Tis Rainford! The lout
 Is, of one from the Sun,
 Asking, "What has been done?"
 And stern is the answer, "You soon will find out."

Oh, Conscience, thou scarecrow! Enough he has said
 For Ferry runs Rainford, wild thoughts in his head,
 And hangs himself there from a beam in his shed.

When the constables make
 Their appearance, to take
 Him, they find him there ghastly, and gaping, and
 dead.

* This popular inn, the glory of Ketelthorpe, is graced by a sign on which the orb of day is seen rising above the hills, its countenance suffused with a genial smile.

And now for the inquest. The jurymen be-
Ing assembled, determine unanimously
That Dick was a rogue and a "fellow-d'ye-see,"
 And that he in scorn,
 On a sheep-hurdle drawn,
To an unhallowed grave on the common shall be.

That grave by the side of the pathway is dug;
And six men the corpse to its resting-place tug;
And a great crowd of women, men, girls and boys strug-
 Gle to see the stake prest
 Through the suicide's breast—
Even mothers their infants to see the sight lug.

It may be that one or two mutter a prayer,
And shudder to see that swart face there;
But hisses and other rude sounds rend the air—
 A dreadful turmoil!
 Aye, fill in the soil,
And lay down the slab that no record shall bear.

YE ANCYENTE BALLADE OF SYR HEW.

“ Old legends of the monkish page,
 Traditions of the saint and sage,
 Tales that have the rime of age,
 And chronicles of eld.”

—*Longfellow.*

I.

SYR Hew of the Western Marches,
 And eastward wendeth he,
 With glaive and helm and hauberk—
 A goodlye syght to see!

To fyght the dowghtye Soldan,
 Upon the dystante sod,
 Yhallowed by the footpryntes
 Of Chryst the Son of God.

And he hath left hys herytage,
 Hys castles and hys land,
 Hys grey-honde good, and hys good goshawk
 That perched upon hys hand.

And he hath left the harte and hare
 To roam the woodlandes thorow;
 And he hath left hys ladye fayre
 Yn myckle dule and sorrow.

The lovely ladye Eleanor
Ys fayre as fayre may be—
Ryght sylken ys her yellow hair,
And hasell ys her ee.

Her eyne wyth tears are fylled,
Her locks dyshevelled rove,
And styll she sygheth, sad ynoughe,
And calleth on her love.

Now cheer thee, Ladye Eleanor!
Why dost thou wepe and weale?
Thy lord he loves thee verament—
Hys feth wyll never fayle.

And the heygh God he honoureth
Wyll hys protectshon be;
And He wyll nerve hys good ryght arm
And bryng hym back to thee.

II.

Syr Hew hath crost the water
And joyned the sturdye band
That batail for Chryst's honour,
In Chryst's deare natyve land.

In Chryst's deare natyve land,
That ynfydels demene
With worship payd to Termagaunt,
And Mahound rytes unclene.

Beneath the brave De Boyllon
 He gayns the mountayn's syde,
 O'erhung wyth Salem's towres—
 Whych Salem's name deryde.

And, foremoste yn the conflyct,
 Hys pennon marks the way,
 And mightylye he bearyth hym
 Through many a blodye day.

III.

Alas! that wrong shulde prosper!
 Alas! that ryght shulde fayle!
 Yt hapnyth yn a trystful houre
 The Paynym hosts prevayle.

Syr Hew and hys brave companye,
 Lyke wode wolves they surrounde;
 And, after manye harde blows gyven,
 They hurtle the Knyght to ground.

Bleedyng and bound and sorweful,
 He thence ys borne awaye,
 And yn a donjon drear and dark
 Ys cast, in soth, I say.

And yn that prysoun hys golden worth
 The furneyns must wythstand;
 The Paynym cheffe addresses hym,—

The Paynym—

“Come joyn wyth me in hande!

“ I marked thee yn the mêlée—
I saw thy blaed on heygh—
Serve Termagaunt, 'twere pytye
So brave a man shulde dye!

“ O cast that rede croyz from thee,
And take the crescent mylde—
Thou schalt be heygh advancèd—
Thou schalt have wealth, Syr Chylde.”

Syr Hew—

“ My deare Lord left Hys glorie,
And lowlye man became;
For me He bore chyll povertye;
Schall I leave Hym for gayne?”

Ye Pagnyn—

“ But thys thy celle ys laythlye,
And hongre byteth kene;
The rack ys not a gew-gaw
To tryfle wyth, I wene.”

Syr Hew—

“ O Chryst, who dyed on Calvarye,
Endurèd more for me—
Then hold thy peace, thou heathen hounde,
I scorn thy power and thee!”

IV.

“ If Thou wylt deyn to succour me,
I mayk thys solempne vowe,—
A hyde of lande Ile freely gyve,
An abbaye to endowe;

“ And stane from out my quarry
 The structure fayre to rayse,
 That holye men for aye may lyft
 Theyre voyces yn Thy prayse.”

Oh ! thus in gloomy prysoun,
 Sir Hew, yn doleful plyght,
 Declares hys pyous purpose,
 To Jhesu ever bright.

And Jhesu hath not left hym—
 Awchyle He doth hym try;
 But styll to bless and comfort hym,
 He smylyng standeth by.

Once more the hosts of Chrystentye
 The vycторыe obtayne;
 Maugre the myght of Heathenesse,
 The cytye walles they gayne.

“ Saynt George for Merrye Ynglonde!”
 “ Saynt Denys fayre for France!”
 Yschowte the Chrystyan chyvalrye
 As onward they advaunce.

The gallant war-stedes neygh—
 The banners wave y'th ayre,—
 “ Saynt George for Merrye Ynglonde!”
 “ For France Saynt Denys fayre!”

And fyerslye gleams the scymyter
On bassonnetts adowne;
But fyerslyer far the gude brown bylle
Gretes meany a turbaned crowne!

And twang of bow and arrow's whyrr,
And clash of sword and shyeld,
And joyous schowte of vyctor stout
Affryght the ruddye fylde.

What guard can stonde the power
That spedes a Chrystyan blow,
When God dyrects the onslaughte
Agaynst Hys people's foe?

The Paynymys faynt on every syde;
On every syde they flee!
There never before such a rout was sene
Yn soth and veryte!

V.

As dewdroppes from the mornyng
Are swept by Sommer breeze,
As yellow leaves by Autumn wynds
Are strypt from forest trees,

So blasted and dysperst are they
Who fearless fettled the brande,
Agaynst the myght of the Chrystyan's God,
Yn deadlye stoure to stande.

And the ruddye croyz ys raysed on hygh
 Where the crescent was sene so long;
 And as *Kyng of the Holye Cytye*
 They herald the Boyllon.

But for aye be the wordes remembered
 Of that chefftayne gude and bolde,—
*“Where Chryst dyd wear a crown of thornes
 Ile not wear one of golde.”*

Syr Hew from hys dreary prysoun
 Eftsones ys setten free;
 And for Ynglonde fayre and hys own true love
 He bowns hym spedyllye.

And meany a year, yn Ynglonde fayre,
 Wyth hys ladye so gude and so true,
 Wyth honour and gle and charytye,
 He spends as a knyght schulde do.

EXPLYCETH.

Ynote, that the freres of Saynt Benedyct,
 On lande Syr Hew gave there-for,
 Have buylded a goodlye covent,
 Whereyn, by the chantry doore,

You may see the Knyght's effygy fayrely carved
 In stone from the quarryes of Caen,
 Wyth scutcheon and brande and gude pryck-spur
 And baldryc and gypon.

The feet on a greyhonde couchant,
 The head on a pyllow fayre,
 The legges yecrost in their lynkèd mayle,
 The handes upraysed yn prayer.

And yn Lombard letters, engraved yn brass,
 Hys name and hys age are gyven.
 Now pray ye all, of youre charytye,
 He be brought to the blysse of heaven.

GLOSSARY TO SIR HEW.

Baldric—A belt.
 Bassonnetts—Iron caps.
 Brande—Sword.
 Bouns—Makes ready.
 Croyz—Cross.
 Chylde—Knight.
 Chrystentye—Christendom.
 Covent—Monastery.
 Dule—Grief.
 Demene—Dishonour.
 Eftsones—Soon after.
 Fettle—Made ready.
 Freres—Brothers.
 Glaive—Sword.
 Gypon—A garment worn round the waist.
 Hauberk—A coat of mail.
 Hurtle—To cast with violence.
 Hyde—100 acres.
 Laythlye—Loathsome.
 Mahound—Mahommedan.
 Maugre—Despite.
 Mêlée—The thick of the fight.
 Soth—Truth.
 Stour—Conflict.
 Termagaunt—The God of the Saracens.
 Verament—Truly.
 Wode—Mad.

FLORENCE—A FRAGMENT.

THE MEETING.

GREEN is the forest glade
 And gay with Summer flowers;
 The sunshine and the shade
 Sport in the leafy bowers.

The balmy south wind sighs
 The pleasant trees among,
 And tender melodies
 By birds unseen are sung.

Is it to hear love lays,
 Or court the Summer breeze,
 That gentle Florence strays
 Among the leafy trees?

The open lawn is fann'd
 More freshly by the gale;
 None of the feather'd band
 Arrests her with its tale.

Who calls the maiden's name?
Her cheeks outflush the rose
Through mingled joy and shame,
For well the voice she knows.

She parts the hazel boughs
And joins a waiting youth;
She listens to his vows;
She questions not his truth.

THE BURIAL.

Bury her not in sacred ground
Where the green ivy smiles o'er the body's decay;
Let not the dull, deep death-bell sound,
That frightens the fiend from the spirit away.
Let her lie unblest who hath died unshriven,
Who hurried to death ere yet she was claimed,
Who, with loss of her virtue and forfeit of heaven,
The fleeting love of a false one gained.
Shall we lay her 'neath the willow tree
That fruitlessly weeps by the changing river?
Shall the mound in the forest her sepulchre be,
Where the pale birch sighs and the aspens shiver?
No, we will dig her a grave in the wild,
Where all is lonely and barren and bare,
Like the hearts of the parents who weep for their
child—
The child that has perish'd, so frail and so fair.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

The lonely cresset burns
With a dim, uncertain light;
To checker'd gloom it turns
The blackness of the night.

He kneels before the altar
Of the holy Maiden Mother;
Vainly doth he falter,
Avés guilt would smother.

A sound of mocking glee
Is in the shaken air,
For things of mystery
Are congregating there.

And at his startled ear,
In tones of bitter woe,
Is a voice that once was dear,
And thus its accents flow:—

“Thou watchest thine armor, Lord Leonard de Lisle,
And to-morrow shall see the gilt spur on thy heel;
And the brand they shall bear thee right spotless
shall be;
But thou art a traitor to love and to me.

“ Young gallants will envy thee; old men will bless
thee;
And minstrels will praise thee—thy new love caress
thee;
The halls of thy fathers shall echo with glee,
But thou art a traitor to love and to me.

“ The feast shall be eaten; the red wine shall flow;
It may banish far from thee the shadow of woe;
Thy step in the dance may be lithesome and free,
But thou art a traitor to love and to me.

“ Yet listen, Lord Leonard, the hour will come
When thou shalt remember the wrong thou hast done,
And a weight on thy soul the remembrance shall be,
For thou art a traitor to love and to me.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

St. George for merry England, the victory is won!
As snowflakes fly the Winter's wind, the weary foemen
shun
The onslaught of our chivalry—they cannot stand the
charge
That's sped with benediction of our Lady and St.
George.
Hurrah! Hurrah! The trumpet blow, and let your
voices ring
With mighty glee, and to the air your stately banners
fling;
For voices yet unheard shall yield a tribute to your
fame,

And future warriors from your deeds shall inspiration
gain.
Unto your tents, brave yeomen; lay your bills and
basnets by
And we will drain the wine-cup, and will feast right
merrily;
And ere the sunset we will come again, and gently lay
The bodies of our honor'd dead within their couch of
clay;
And for their souls shall mass be sung, and minstrels
shall declare
To lords in hall their mighty deeds—in bower, to
ladies fair.

Lying
Untended, alone,
Dying,
With pitiful moan.
No priest to assoil—
His thoughts recoil
From the future unknown.

Yet he,
For her he betrayed,
Pity
Feels vainly—"Poor maid,"
Feebly he saith, for
His life-blood runs free;
"Oh, yes, I was traitor
To love and to thee!"

NOTE.—"Florence" appeared in the *Students' Monthly*, of Lennox-ville University, in 1867.



TWO CHAPTERS IN A LIFE HISTORY.

I.

A CONVERSATION.

“ My Luve is like a red, red rose
 That's newly sprung in June ;
 My Luve is like the melodie
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

“ As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luve am I ;
 And I will luve thee still, my Dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.”

—*Burns.*

AND thus spake he:—

“ O Mary dear,
 My heart is glad when thou art near.
 Not blither is the lark that pours
 His tender love-song as he soars,
 Cheering his little partner, who
 Shelters her nest from the falling dew,
 Than I; nor truer can he be
 To *his* mate than I am to thee.”

She said:—

“ Oh, then, thou dost compare
 Thyself to the lark that sings i' the air,
 That wanders from his lowly home,
 And loves in brighter spheres to roam;

That takes a new love every year
And leaves her when the earth grows drear.

Were I in very truth to be
Thy partner, as thou wishest me,
How soon, inconstant wanderer,
Wouldst thou another love prefer?"

"Ah, cruel girl, dost thou not know
That one soft note from the bird below
Would bring her partner from the sky
To nestle by her lovingly?
How knowest thou that, fond of change,
He takes each year a partner strange?"

But Mary, curb awhile thy glee
And listen to me soberly:
Thou know'st how long and tenderly,
How truly I have lovèd thee—
How close my heart is bound to thine—
Then, dearest, say thou wilt be mine—
Mine—only mine—through good and ill—
Through Summer's warmth and Winter's chill."

"Nay, nay, I will not promise thee;
I love too well my liberty.
Give me a little longer time,
And—some day—perhaps—I may be thine."

"Oh, dearest, this denial seems
Like shadow fleck'd with sunny gleams—
'Tis full of promise: Love's distress
Compassionate—oh, let me press
For full reply in simple *yes!*"

"If, then, thou wilt not be denied,
 Yes, Robert, I will be thy bride.
 Tender and true, thy lot I'll share,
 Be future days or dark or fair.
 And let this tree—our trysting tree—
 A witness to my promise be;
 Carve *Mary* in its bark, that I
 May bear my vow in memory."

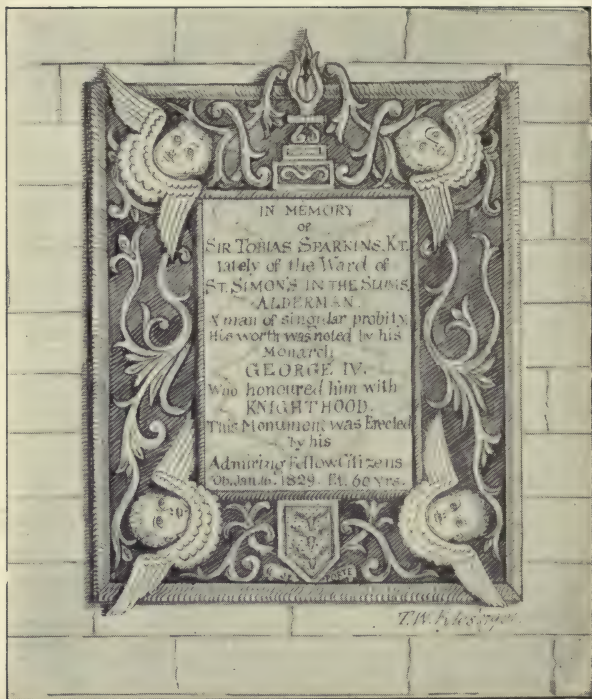
II.

A SOLILOQUY.

"Where are they gone, the beautiful,
 The young, the fond, the free,
 Who carv'd their names upon thy bark,
 Thou lordly beechen tree?"
 —*Mackay.*

"O tree, thou art to me a monument!
 All thy inscription was one little name;
 But at the thought of it my heart feels pent;
 Thick-coming memories oppress my brain.
 'Twas years ago, upon a Summer even,
 The birds sang joyously, the falling sun
 Shed its glad radiance from a golden heaven,
 And tender whisperings shook the leaves, and one,
 With sunny hair and laughing hazel eye,
 Gay as a bird and graceful as a fairy,
 Stood by my side and watched me lovingly,
 That in thy rind I cut it. Oh, my Mary,

We little thought that hour that adverse Fate,
With wintry breath, was drawing nigh to wither
Our budding promise of a joy too great
For earth to yield or mortal man to gather.
We thought, in our simplicity, alas,
The way of life was but a grassy lane,
O'er whose bud-broidered carpet we might pass
Together, hand-in-hand a heaven to gain
Scarcely more beauteous or from grief more free
Than the bright earth we left behind. What may
Have been your lot I know not, but to me
Life's road has been a very dusty way,
Thorny and rough, producing here and there
A gaudy poppy or a pale henbane,
But few flowers lending fragrance to the air,
And none that, gathered, could a charm retain.
Oh, Mary, years have passed since here we stood—
We never more shall stand together here!—
This stately tree hath well those years withstood:
Me gnarlèd have they left, sapless and sere.
Aye, I am sadly changed in outward form—
Thou wouldst not know me, darling! But the scope
Of my old love for thee Time hath not drawn—
'Tis broad in hopelessness, as 'twas in hope.



T. W. Piles, 1829.

SHOOTING A CHERUBIM.

"To the Editor of the *News*.*

"The following lines are founded upon an occurrence that actually took place in a remote country parish in Sussex, England. It was related to a small party of friends, and one, who was present, on returning home, reproduced the tale in the following poetic form.

"THE NARRATOR."†

JACK Wilson lives in London. Once a year,
 What time the grain is stacked and leaves are sere,
 He leaves his city haunts and takes a run
 About the stubble-fields, with dog and gun.
 Jack is a worthy fellow, free from guile;
 He loves to wear a coat in sporting style—
 Admires a dog—is learned in dog-lore,
 Thinks Youatt‡ great, *Bell's Life*§ the *Times* before,
 But Jack is harmless, is not prone to drink,
 Avoids the wanton, does not freely think,
 Gives all he can, is never bored by duns,
 Attends his church—"St. Simon-in-the-Slums."
 At church on Sunday, from his cosy pew
 He has of Sparkins's monument a view.
 Sparkins was erstwhile alderman. "His worth
 Was noted by his monarch, George the Fourth,

* The *St. John's News*, P. Que.

† The Rev. George Slack, M.A., Incumbent of Bedford, P. Que.

‡ Youatt's work on the Dog. Longmans & Co.

§ A sporting newspaper of the day.

Who honor'd him with knighthood." When he died
St. Simon's Ward his monument supplied—
A mural slab, at every corner graced
With cherub, winged and white and chubby-faced.
Jack thinks that monument of Art the boast,
Those cherubs models of the heavenly host.
They are his study whilst the beadle tall
Conducts the portly parson to his stall.
The service drags; the bass makes discord vile;
Jack little heeds—he sees a cherub smile.
The prosing preacher more prosaic grows—
Jack marks the contour of a cherub's nose.
And still, to long associations true,
Whene'er he thinks of church he thinks of cherubs, too.

A friendly relative in Lincolnshire
Is of a pleasant neighborhood "the Squire";
And Jack, upon a visit, through the day
Wanders around to bag whate'er he may.
Returning in the evening, he takes
The path which brings him to the church-yard gates.
He hesitates—the tombstones, white and tall,
Stand, spectre-like, beyond the church-yard wall!
He musters all his courage, passes through—
The old church-tower looms grandly on his view.
The clambering ivy wraps it closely round,
And rustles in the air with solemn sound.
As timid householders, of burglars scared,
Will shoot to let men know they are prepared,
So Jack, to nurse his courage and dispel
His fears, lifts up the piece he loves so well.

*All sportsmen fire to leave the barrel free
Before they reach their homes—and so will he.
He fires, and hits unwittingly an owl
Returning, mouse-fed, from its evening prowl.
He sees it fall behind a neighboring tomb,
Draws nigh and peers with caution through the gloom—
His hair lifts up his hat, his pulses stop,
His unnerved fingers let his weapon drop—
There, with round head and big, reproachful eyes,
And wings outspread, a pallid object lies.
A feeble flutter and a doleful shriek
Increase his terror, and in accents weak
He gasps, "I've done it—done a deadly sin—
God help me! I have shot a cherubim!"*

NOTE.—The writer of the foregoing lines was not aware at the time that Mrs. Gaskell had told a somewhat similar story, thus :

"Mr. Peter wound up his account by saying that, of course, at that altitude there were none of the animals to be found that existed in the lower regions ; the game—everything was different. Firing one day at some flying creature, he was very much dismayed when it fell to find that he had shot a cherubim !

"But Mr. Peter, shooting a cherubim—don't you think—I am afraid that was sacrilege !"

"Mr. Peter composed his countenance in a moment, and appeared shocked at the idea, which, as he said truly enough, was now presented to him for the first time."—"Cranford," Ch. XVI.



IN AN ENGLISH CHURCH.

THROUGH the eastern window's tracery
 The beams of morning flow,
 And fall upon the effigy
 Of the mighty dead below—
 The mighty dead unknown,
 Recumbent in his panoply,
 With scutcheon and with canopy,
 All fitly carved in stone.

And radiant is the glory
 By that eastern window *shed*:
 That window tells the story
 Of the rising from the dead,
 Of the Mighty One to Save,
 The First-fruits of the Grave,
 Of Christ, the King of Glory,
 Who to man salvation gave.

Examine we the figure of the knight
 Illumined by this glowing morning light.
 These uncial characters—What do they say?
 “*Gist ici*”—and the rest is worn away.
 The mem’ry of the gallant deeds he did
 Is past and gone; the warrior’s name is hid.
 But this we know: the hands uprais’d in prayer
 A humble confidence in God declare.

The crossed feet, resting on the couchant hound,
Denote he fought on Canaan's distant ground
Against the unbelieving Moslem bands,
Who on the holy cross laid sinful hands.

And this is all we gather from the stone.
But a day will come more glorious,
When the Church of Christ, victorious,
Shall stand around His throne;
When secret thoughts shall be attest,
And hidden things be manifest,
And this man's deeds be known.

And if he fought the fight, and fought it well,
Against the powers of flesh, the world and hell,
His Master will commend him, and will say,
Have thou in cities five—or ten—the sway;
And angels shall his heralds be, and he
Shall wear the immortal crown of victory.*

NOTE.—The above lines were the first of the Author's verses to appear in print. They were published in the *Penny Post* many years ago.

THE CROSS.

ON LEARNING THAT A PARTY OF ROUGHS HAD
PULLED DOWN THE CROSS FROM A
VILLAGE CHURCH,

“ ’Twas night—a night of sombrest hue !
And good men slept, when Satan’s crew,
Awake their father’s deeds to do,
Pull’d down the Cross.

“ The Cross, by history borne high,
Faith lifts it still triumphantly,
And higher prophecy ; but they
Pull’d down the Cross.”

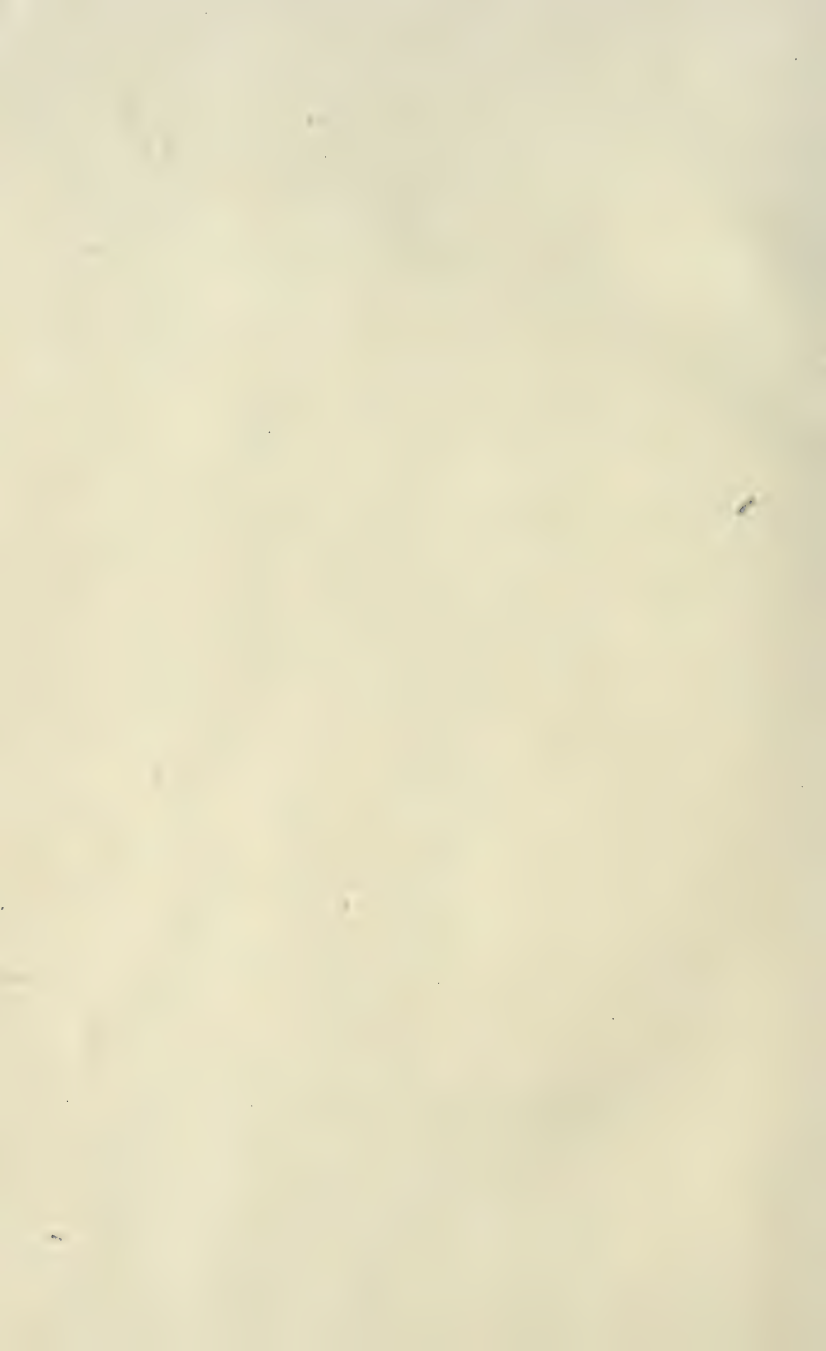
WHEN Constantine, the Emperour,
Array’d his hosts for battle stour,
Angelic hands that glorious hour
Rear’d high the Cross.

When Norman Will, on vengeance bent,
Rode iron-heel’d through flowery Kent,
Stigand, to guard the flock intent,
Held forth the Cross.



FLOREATED CROSS OF CALVARY FROM THE RUINS OF
 THORNTON COLLEGE, LINCOLNSHIRE.

“To mark their trust in Christ they spread o’er the cross.”



With cross on breast and cross-hilt sword,
Brave knights beat back the Moslem horde,
Who thought to trample in the sward
The Christians' Cross.

When mourners laid their honored dead
To rest within earth's lowly bed,
To mark their trust in Christ they spread
O'er them the Cross.

Where England's might its sign uprears—
"The flag that's brav'd a thousand years
The battle and the breeze"—appears
The ruddy Cross.

When Britain's monarch took the throne,
Whose seat secures the mystic stone,*
Within his grasp in splendor shone
The Orb and Cross.

St. Paul's majestic temple stands
In the vast mart of all the lands,
And on its highest vantage stands
The golden Cross.

Where daring deeds are dignified,
The choicest badge of valor tried—
By effort won, and worn with pride—
Is still?—The Cross.

* Stone of Destiny, or Coronation Stone.

Mercy, when on the foughthen plain
She seeks the wounded 'mid the slain,
And calms their fears and soothes their pain,
Wears the Red Cross.

The Church, when issuing words of ruth,
And burning words of zeal and truth,
Sets her sign manual in proof—
Faith with the Cross.*

Of *Man's Great Son* the sign of might,
In every country read aright,
Denoting, *Jesus won the fight!*
Hail, holy Cross!

How great a contrast have we here!
Earth's noblest ones the Cross uprear:
Darkling, the base canaille, in fear,
Pull down the Cross.

* The seal of the S. P. C. K.

THE TEMPEST.

THESE rocks stand boldly forth. On either side
 The land is fretted by th' incoming tide.
 The mighty billows, coursers of the deep,
 Toss their wild manes on high and shoreward leap.
 I gaze afar—the gloom upon the sea
 Portends *the wind hath won its liberty!*
 It comes—the mad wind!—menacing and loud,
 And sweeps across the zenith many a cloud
 Of form fantastic and of color dun—
 The offspring of the ocean and the sun.

Oh, for yon sea-gull's pinions! I would cleave
 The murky atmosphere with powers that weave
 The rack into a mantle for the sky,
 And mark the progress of their ministry.

Great God, how dazzling was that forked tongue
 Of flame which, quivering, for the moment hung
 'Twixt cloud and sea! And now the thunder's roar
 Re-echoes far and wide; the torrents pour
 From their dark chambers down, as on the day
 When heaven's windows ope'd to wash a world away.

Now sighs the wind with mournful note,
 Now wildly shrieks around;
 And now again the thunder-stroke
 Stills every feebler sound.

Oh, many a mariner with fear
Beholds the awful Night draw near;
Her shimmering gems all laid away,
Her visage veil'd in cloud and spray.
Alas, by Death from lov'd ones torn
May many a dear one be ere dawn,
And sunk to rest be many a one

Where wakeful Sorrow may not come.

Nymphs of the deep, ye Nereids who dwell
In pearly caverns 'neath the billow's swell—
To whom are known the deep sea's mysteries,
Its treasure-troves in sunken argosies,
Its many-color'd parterres and its dells,
Its summits gay with corals and with shells—
Ye could a tale unfold of ghastly forms

That lie where denizens of ocean breed,
The grim memorials of other storms,

Enwrought with garniture of sad sea-weed.
Remains of hapless mortals, they decay—
The spirits gone that graced the lowly clay:
But yet a day will come when they shall be

Restored, reoccupied—mortality
Shall put on immortality and rise
To meet the Judge Eternal in the skies.
Oh, what a day of wonder, day of dread,
When thou, old ocean, shalt give up thy dead—
When all that thou hast cover'd, shame and worth,
Shall be cast forth in one tremendous birth!

A PRAYER.

O THOU who to Thy cloudy car dost bind
 Thy steed invisible, the boist'rous wind,—
 Who walkest on the waters, and at will
 Canst chain the storm, the raging ocean still,—
 For sake of Him who on Mount Calvary
 Gave up the ghost that men might live to Thee,
 Receive our prayer for those who plough the wave,
 And raise Thine arm omnipotent to save.
 Pity the widow'd mother, old and grey,
 Whose only son is tost upon the billow—
 The while she steeps with tears her sleepless pillow—
 Oh, spare to her her comfort and her stay!
 Pity the wife who, startled from her rest,
 On her lov'd sailor-lord so wildly crieth.
 Pity the babe reposing at her breast—
 So innocent and helpless as it lieth.
 Pity the brave, who in their trouble bend
 The humbled knee, and quick deliv'rance send;
 Bring them in safety o'er the restless sea
 To that calm haven where they fain would be.

“ATTACA.”

“The Lord is a man of war.”—Ex. xv. 3.

WITH strength of His right hand
 He brought His people forth,
 And shed o’er Zoan’s land
 The fury of His wrath,
 In darkness, fire and storm,
 In murrain, death and woe,
 Till Egypt’s power was gone
 And Pharaoh’s pride was low.

The sea its Maker saw,
 And from His presence fled,
 When, as a Man of War,
 His host Jehovah led.
 Congeal’d, on either side,
 The mighty billows rose,
 A passage firm and wide
 To open from His foes.

Egyptian maidens mourn'd
With wailings of despair,
For nevermore return'd
The objects of their care.
Impetuous and proud,
Their lovers passed away;
Beneath the awful cloud
The sea secured its prey.

Who can resist the Lord
Who made the south and north,
Who spread the skies abroad
And called the morning forth,
Who set the ocean bars
And earth's foundations laid,
While all the morning stars
Harmonious tribute paid?

THE DEFEAT OF THE MIDIANITES.

WE are told in sacred story
 How the field was fought and won,
 When the Lord in power and glory
 Plied the sword for Gideon.
 Till in death the cruel foemen—
 Thick as locusts on the plain—
 Lay in Jezreel, spear and bowmen—
 Victors vanquished, slayers slain.

While the sun was yet in heaven,
 By th' invading multitude,
 Carelessly the hours were given
 To disport and laughter rude.
 Knew they neither fear nor sorrow—
 All was levity and glee—
 Looking for a joyous morrow,
 Blinded with security.

But when Night, on sable pinions,
 Brooded o'er the tented plain,
Trembling seized on Zeba's minions
 And Zalmana's hireling train.
All their confidence departed,
 All their boasted valor fled,
When the echoes round them started
 At citation strange and dread.

Clangour horrible and clashing,
 Trumpet's call and warrior's shout
Rose where fitful lights were flashing
 On the hillsides round about.
Then, oh then, in dire illusion,
 Each man on his neighbor fell;
In the darkness and confusion
 Friend by friend was sped to hell.

Midian's kings, like worthless cravens,
 From the carnage turn'd and fled,
And the jackals and the ravens
 Trooped to gorge upon the dead.
And new victims all the highway
 Glutted, as the rout roll'd on;
Field adjacent, branching byway,
 Rang with many a parting groan.

A MINIATURE AND ITS SETTING.

How fair a home of sweet content,
 That quaint old cottage that we saw
 Upon the margin of the shaw!
 The damask rose and jessamine
 Are round its mullioned windows blent;
 And, garrulous with honey-bees,
 Beside it stands a stately lime,
 Amongst whose boughs the coolest breeze
 Doth linger all the Summer time.

Of tillage land perhaps a rood
 Hath there been rescued from the wood.
 Well ordered is the small estate—
 The privet hedge, the rustic gate,
 The little lawn, the gravelled way,
 The garden plot with annuals gay.
 There sweet sounds evermore are heard,
 For thither comes full many a bird—
 The robin with his rapid trill,
 The merry merle with golden bill,
 The bullfinch in his handsome dress,
 The throstle blithe and boisterous;
 And there the maiden of my lay
 Makes melody the live-long day.

She is an only child. Her sire
 Is steward for the neighboring squire.
 A thrifty, upright man is he,
 Strong in his tried integrity;

Proud of his daughter's innocence,
Her beauty, her intelligence—
He loves her with a love intense!
He sees in her her mother's form—
That mother died when she was born—
He deems the future will shew forth
In her that well-lov'd mother's worth,
And Hope and Memory have combin'd
To paint the damsel to his mind.
And seldom fairer maid is seen!
Lithe is her form, and sweet her mien,
And lovely in the tender grace
Of Saxon beauty is her face.
On her warm cheek the luscious red
Of health and purity is spread.
Her eyes in hue are like the sky
'Neath which the isles of Summer lie.
And rippling falls her golden hair
To kiss her neck so soft and fair.
And she is just as good and true
As she is pleasant to the view,
And with obedience strives to prove
That she deserves her father's love.
Oh maiden, may thy future be
Illumined with felicity!
Good angels guard thee on thy way,
And pluck th' offensive briars away!
May love and friendship bear thee on
Till earth be past and heaven be won.



THE RETURN.

WE sail athwart this gloomy northern sea—

A shifting waste of ridges capd with snow.

The tempest howls around us drearily,

And deals our vessel many a staggering blow.

And yet she bears her bravely and doth throw
The spray in sparkling showers from her sides,

And skips from swell to swell as swift as tho'
She wingèd were, like the light gull that glides

So noiselessly around. My thoughts outgo
Both bird and bark, and speed across the tide

To that dear land where those I love below—
Those that on earth have love for me—abide.

Oh, be propitious, Æolus! And thou,

Earth-smiting Neptune, smooth thy ruffled brow!

“SILLER” *VERSUS* CONSCIENCE.

(Fifty years ago.)

ONE Sunday morning, at an Eastern port,
From out the motley crowd of immigrants
That of an ocean steamship newly moor'd
The deck encumber'd stept a canny Scot,
Who to the sailor at the gangway said,
“I hae a letter for the agent,” “Well,
You'll find him in his office on the wharf.”

The man passed on, rejoicing to be freed
From ship-detention, which, he thought, would hold
His fellows through the Sunday. Presently,
While standing in the office, he perceived
That others were descending from the ship,
When thus he and the agent converse held:—

Immigrant.

“My worthy freend, it surely canna be
That they lan' passengers the Sawbath morn!”

Agent.

“Indeed they do—we get no Sabbaths here.”

Immigrant.

“And wull they lan' the luggage, kist and pock?”

Agent.

"Why certainly, and general cargo, too."

Immigrant.

"What awfu' profanation o' the day!
And sae the sailor-lads nae Sawbath get?"

Agent.

"There is no rest for them, no rest for me,
No rest for many more. Interpreters,
Excisemen, cabmen, caterers, police,
And operators at the telegraph—
A host of busy men, a hundred strong,
Must ply their several tasks throughout the day."

Immigrant.

"What awfu' Sawbath desecration!
In Scoartlan' ye wad no be sae depreeved.
And do they open shop on Sawbath days?"

Agent.

"From stores and taverns all along the street
The runners come, and by-and-bye you'll see
Poor drunken women wand'ring loosely round
With maudlin men, and then a fight or two
May exercise the guardians of the peace."

Immigrant.

(Aside) "The Godless folk of this beneeted lan'!
Is that an engine skirling over yon?
They surely dinna run the trains to-day?"

Agent.

“Why yes! You see, it would not do to leave
These people midst temptation: better far
To speed them on their way, and scatter them,
Since they have been sent down from off the ship.
And work makes work—the matter breeds, and so
Another host finds full employment here,
And engine-drivers, firemen, signalmen,
Conductors, brakesmen speed the labor on
To other fields.”

Immigrant.

“Ah, mon, how sad your lot!
In bonnie Scoartlan’ ye’d na be depreeved
In sic a godless sort, for there the Kirk
Has gar’d men haud their gear o’ sma’ account
And luv the Sawbath day!”

Agent.

“Hold there, my friend,
The owners of this ship that brings to us
This large amount of Sunday toil and moil
Are Scotch, and members of the Kirk to boot.
It may be in Saint Mungo’s Church e’en now
They shed such beams of goodness as may well
Blind people to the way the bawbees come.”

Immigrant.

“Ah, mon, ye talk—ye talk! And what’s the cost
Of biding o’er the Sawbath?”

Agent.

“At th’ hotel
They charge six shillings and three-pence a day.”

Immigrant.

“Sax shillens and three-pence! The greedy gleds!
They shall na mak’ a prawfit out o’ me!
Na, na, I’ll tak’ my journey wi’ the rest.”
(Exeunt, saying) “*Sax shillens and three-pence—to
think of it!*”

AN ECLOGUE.

A Dutch farmer and his son Peter.

TIME—Afternoon.

SCENE—A farm-yard on the Hudson.

Father.

THE clouts voretell some rain—vell, let him come!
 Mine hay is in ter parn; ter grass in svath
 Vill take none hurt. I'll go ant smoke mine bipe
 And trink mine peer. Von goot man takes
 Some obbortunities for doing goot; so I
 Vill penefit minesel'. But vat has gone
 Vit mine son Peder? I must drain t'at poy
 In vays intusdrious—I do not get
 Enuf of vork from him. (*calls*) Pete, Pete, I say!

Peter.

Ya, fat'er, ya! You'd raise ter dead to life!
 Vat for you vake me from mine bleasant sleebe,
 V'en I was treaming I mine supper dake
 Of von pig durkey all vit sassage filled?
 Now you vill haf mine subber to provide.

Father.

'Twas subber, Pede, that I vas t'inking of.
 Take you von pag of corn upon ter mare
 To Sbaffort's mill, ant make goot haste, or we
 Shall haf no johnny-cake for subber. Mint
 To tie dis stone in von ent of ter pag,
 To make ter palance true. Now dat is vat

Dey call filosofy. Mind dat, mine son—
It is von lesson goot.

(Peter fetches the mare and a bag of corn.)

Peter.

Now, fat'er, see,
I sling ter pag across, and haf ter corn
Hangs on dis ot'er side, and ha'f on dose,
And it rides vell, vit'out von stone at all.

Father.

Peder, your fat'er and your grandfat'er
Did put von stone for palance in ter pag.
Vat for you make yoursel' more vise as dey?

*(Peter, taking the bag of corn on his own
shoulder, attempts to mount the mare.)*

Father.

You lazy coon, for shame! Ter Biple says
Ter merciful man is goot to his own peast;
Ant would you give ter mare von double load?

Peter.

Mine fat'er, see, ter corn is on mine back—
I carry it: she carries *me*—t'at's fair.

Father.

Vell, get you gone. (*Aside*) I do pelieve ter poy
Is viser t'an his fat'er after all!
Ant now, mine duty done, I'll go ant smoke
Mine bipe, ant trink mine peer, ant do some goot
To von goot man—minesel'.

THE ENGLISH WOODS.

AN INVITATION.

COME to the wild woods, come away,
 Now the sun is bright in the month of May,
 And the mated birds, in boist'rous glee,
 Fill the wide heavens with harmony;
 Now the breezes shake the hyacinth bells,
 And the pale anemone whitens the dells,
 And young leaves whisper soothingly,
 And all is joy and light and love—
 For the azure heaven is smiling above,
 And the green earth laughs for sympathy.
 Come where the Hair-streak* flutters by
 Like a living leaf; where the Butterfly,†
 Whose snowy wings are dashed with green
 And with rich orange tipp'd, is seen;
 Where the Chequer'd Skipper,‡ as you tread,
 Springs lightly from his grassy bed;
 And clouded-border Moths§ unfold
 Their tender wings of speckled gold;
 Where *Fuciformis* quivers round
 The stems with honeysuckle bound;
 And, like a fragment from the sky,
 Sweet *Alexis* gambols by;

* *Thecla rubi*.† *Anthocaris cardamines*.‡ *Thymele alveolus*.§ *Venilia maculata*.

Where *Falcula*, whose hooked wings
Have eye-like spots, to the birch leaf clings;
While near it, where the catkins play,
Papilionaria larvæ stray,
'Mid forms like their own safe to be
From prowling *Ichneumonidae*,
From the busy tit that twitters near
And other foes they have to fear.
Oh, come to the wild woods, come away,
Now the sun is bright in the month of May!
Come, for a thousand sights shall cheer
Your eye—a thousand sounds your ear!

THE GRAVE OF THE COUREUR DE BOIS.

WHERE the margin of the forest
 In its varied beauty smiles,
 On the mighty Western river
 Of the thousand wooded isles,
 In the pleasant Indian Summer,
 When the hazy, soft light fell
 On the crimson leaves of maple
 That had carpeted the dell
 Where his lonely dwelling nestled,
 Health forsook him, and he died—
 Mourners there were none beside him
 Save his youthful Indian bride.
 She had left for him her people,
 And had made his hearth her home,
 Shared his pleasures, eased his burdens,
 Lived for him, and him alone.
 Left forlorn, a grave she fashioned,
 And with cedar lined it well;
 Tenderly she lapt him in it
 Ere she, broken-hearted, fell.
 Nature mourns—the pine and maple
 In the breeze their branches wave:
 Waving still, they sigh for ever,
 Ever standing round his grave.



A PICTURE.

A COTTAGE window overhung with roses,
 'Mongst which a merry bird hath built its nest;
 A cot, whose curtain, partly drawn, discloses
 A dimpled infant in its healthy rest;
 A fair young wife, whose rapid fingers waken
 The latent music of the ivory keys—
 The while she sings sweet songs of faith unshaken,
 And love unchangeable in adverse breeze;
 The husband, from his garden-culture pausing,
 His voice to hers responsively to raise—
 While thoughts of God's good gifts to him are causing
 His heart to warm with gratitude and praise:
 Can lordly palaces present than this
 A fairer picture of domestic bliss?

ON A VIEW OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT BURNS.

" 'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
 A hovel made of clay ;
 One door shuts out the wind and storms,
 One window greets the day ;
 And yet I stand within this room,
 And hold all thrones in scorn,
 For here, beneath this lowly thatch,
 Love's sweetest bard was born."
 —*R. G. Ingersoll.*

YES, it was poor, this cot where Rob was born—
 Unnoticed by the rich, or viewed with scorn !
 Blind Fortune, unpropitious, passed it by ;
 But Erato drew near with eager eye—
 A pearl of price was in that lowly shell
 To add fresh splendor to her coronal.

Dear Burns, enshrined in many a loving breast
 Are thy fond images by Nature drest.
 Bard of the North, beside thy glowing lines
 The fires are dimm'd in song of Southern climes.
 Than thine, less fervid was th' impassioned strain
 That Lesbian Sappho warbled to the main ;
 Less tender was the plaint that Petrarch made,
 In Vaocluse solitudes, to Laura's shade.

When the young peasant trod the furrow'd fields
He caught the witching power that Nature yields
From lintwhite's song, and ripple of the burn,
And smile of Spring, and frown of Winter stern,
From the dark shade the fir-clad uplands cast,
From the loud clarion of the Northern blast,
From the sad tale the sobbing South wind tells
To whisp'ring leaves and tearful heather-bells.
'Twas then he laid his hand upon the lyre,
His bosom panting with the fond desire
To *sing a song at least for Scotland's sake,*
Though he *no useful plan or beuk might make.*
Poetic feeling thrill'd through all his soul,
But skill was wanting feeling to control.
He struck the chords: *the elements of song*
In wilding cadences *came right and wrong.*
Yet then an act—in tenderness a lay—
His love of home and country did display:
For Scotland's sake he turned the clips aside,
And spared the rough burr-thistle spreading wide,
The sturdy symbol of his native land,
Amid the bearded bear he let it stand.

At length his partner in the merry train
That swept the golden harvest from the plain,
The *sonsie quean*, whose fond idea held sway
Within his breast for many an after day,
Aroused the forming strain, untied his tongue,
And Nellie's praise in artless rhyme was sung.

Thenceforth the torch, lit at the muse's shrine,
Shed many a beam refulgent and benign,

Throwing its radiance on the fair and free,
 And gilding worth though linked with poverty,
 Bright'ning the glory on the warrior's brow,
 Cheering the swain *rough at the rustic plough*,
 Aiding the glow around the cotter's hearth,
 Smiling on scenes of honest, homely mirth,
 Wak'ning the fires of love of *auld lang syne*,
 Wafting its incense to the realms divine.

Alas! that sometimes, 'mid the world's wild play,
 It shed a feeble and a flickering ray,
 And lit on things had better been unsung,
 Themes unbecoming to the silvern tongue.
 But e'en the brilliant have their clouded hours,
 Their words and deeds unworthy of their powers:
 There's *none wi'out a fla' we tra' that*,
 But still, *the man's a man for a' that*.

Britannia, mistress of the boundless main,
 Thou Tethys realized of ancient fame,
 Throned in the waters, mighty in command,
 Waving thy sceptre over sea and land,
 Wealthy in all the wealth allowed of Heaven,
 Learned in all the lore that Time hath given,
 Boasting thy vigorous sons of peace and war,
 Upholding Commerce, Liberty and Law,
 How couldst thou in the olden days afford
 To keep from struggling Genius its reward?
 Messenger—Otway—Chatterton—and BURNS—
 The stranger, learning of them, wondering learns.

But Britain's eyes are opened! One, in thought,
A monarch of the mighty ones,* has taught—
And she accepts the teaching—that 'tis from
Its authors that a land's chief glories come.
And Burns has now been known, in hall and cot,
For years—*Shall auld acquaintance be forgot?*
No, Time shall ne'er purloin from Memory
His name—'twill live till Time himself shall die.

St. Andrew's Day, 1876.

* Dr. Johnson.



TO A BLACKBIRD THAT LIT IN THE
RIGGING OF A SHIP AT SEA.

POOR wanderer above the wild sea-foam,
Come rest thy weary wing a little while.
What cruel chance hath swept thee from thy home
In copse or hedge-row of thy native isle?
When thou shalt wing again thy unknown way,
What hope is there that thou canst reach the shore?
Th' insatiate waters murmur for their prey
Beneath thee, and around thee rude winds roar;
And thy tired wing may fail thee in thy need,
And the chill waters wrap thee closely round,
Where none may see thy fall, nor any heed
Thy loss to earth, thou joy of sight and sound!
But, should the Fates to thee propitious prove,
I sing to thee—go sing to those I love!

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

BESIDE a river that through Western woods
 To Erie's lake rolls tributary floods
 A farmer lived: his neighbors call'd him "smart."
 Hard was his visage—harder was his heart.
 "Get all you can and hold it" was his rule—
 The *golden maxim* taught in mammon's school.
 Yet was he "*lib'ral*," for he gave abuse
 Unsparingly; the claims of country loose
 He held, and was not "*bigoted*," they said—
 For—prayerless—he cared not how others pray'd.

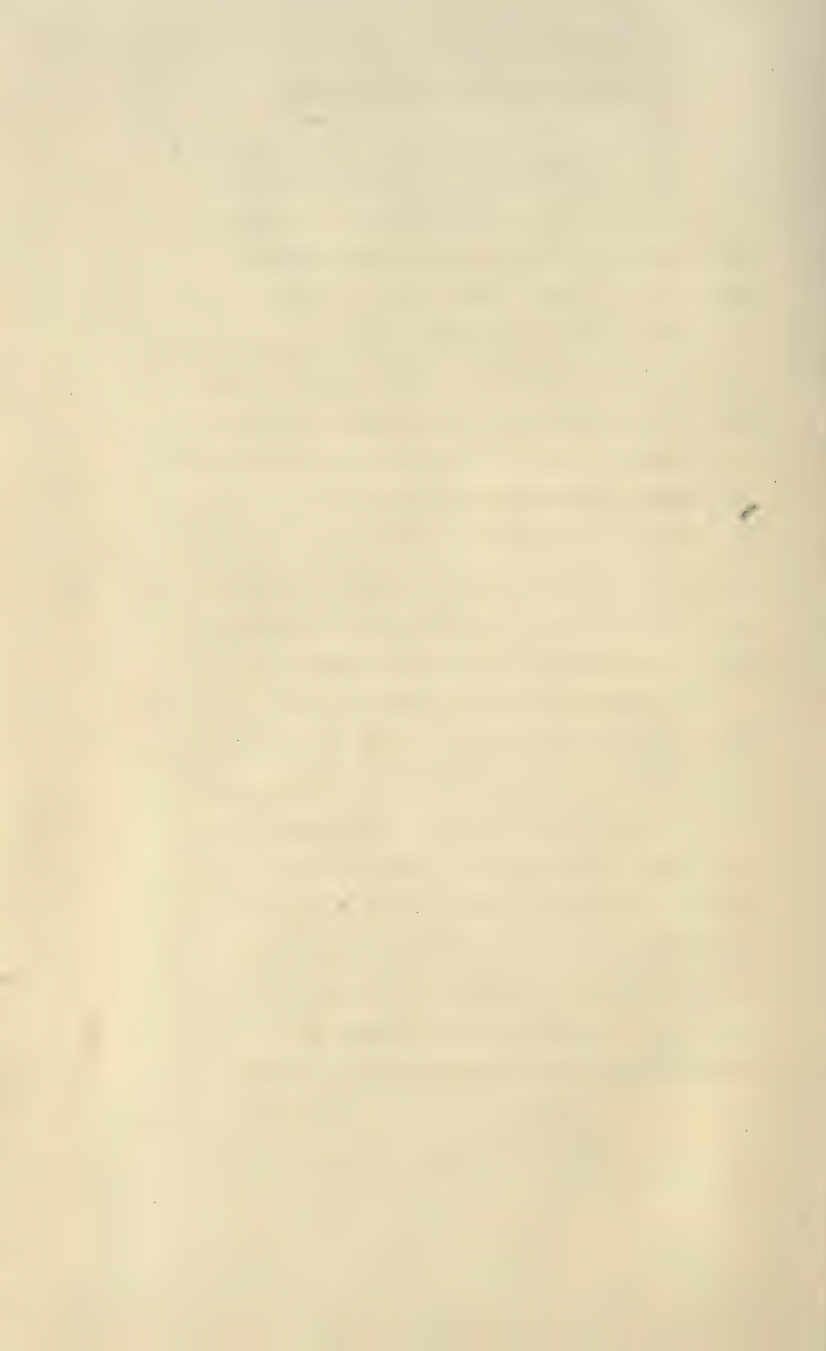
One stormy night in Winter to his door
 A stranger came for shelter to implore.
 The open'd door let in the driving blast,
 Which told of perils that the man had past.
 He stept within. How stately was his form!
 He brush'd away the tokens of the storm,
 And stood reveal'd—*the forest's dusky son!*
 But ere to make request he had begun
 The farmer fiercely pointed to the road,
 And said, "Make tracks, you cursèd Indian toad!"

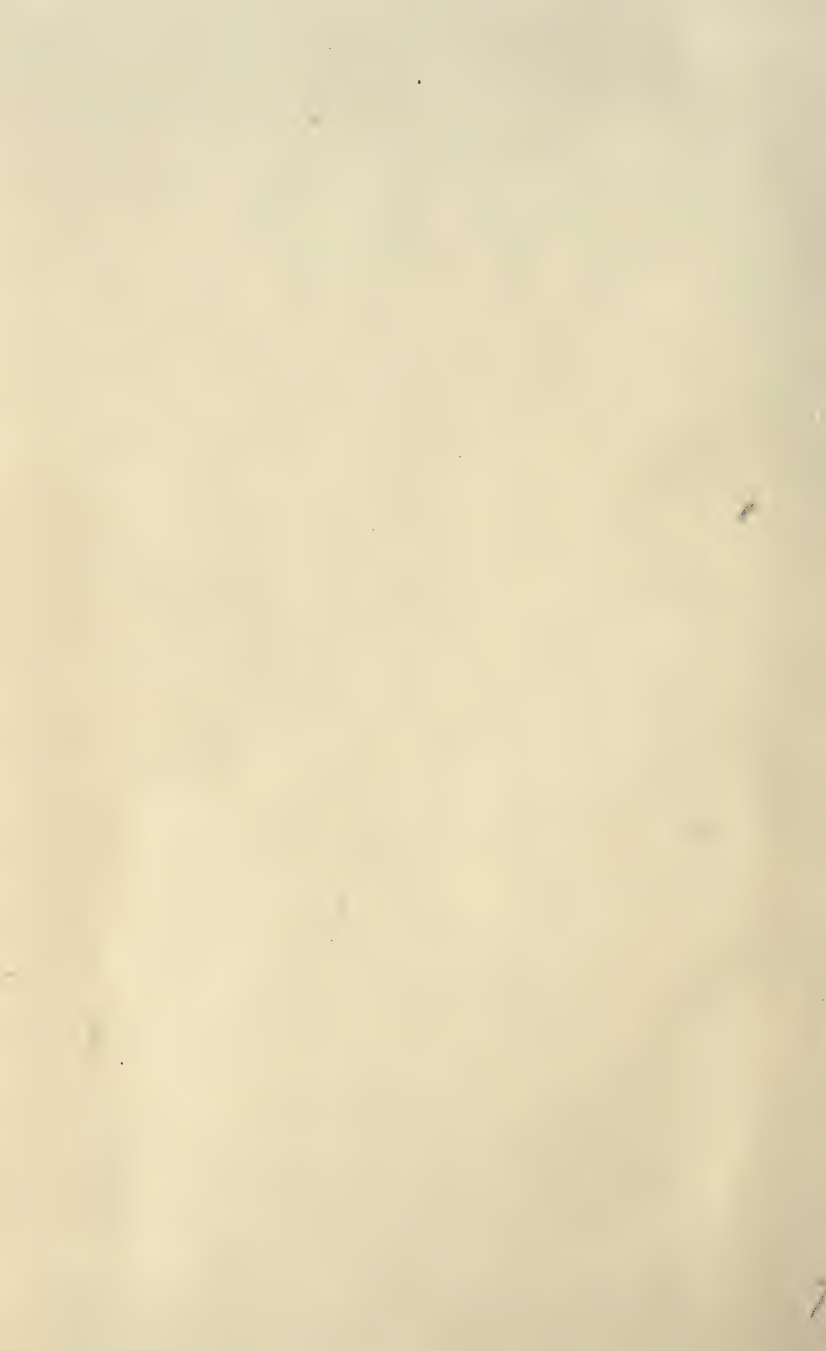
The years slipt by. Our farmer journeying late,
 In search of an acquaintance's estate,
 Pursued, that he might shun a lengthen'd curve,
 A path that spann'd the Indian Reserve;
 But darkness overtook him, and his way
 He lost, and wander'd more and more astray.

More dark the night, more dense the forest grew,
More dank and chill the downfall of the dew,
And he, discouraged, deem'd that he must stay,
Both cold and fasting, in the woods till day.
But suddenly there burst upon his sight
The ruddy flicker of a distant light.

He reach'd the house it came from—ask'd relief
From one who proved to be the Indian chief.
'Twas freely given—the best seat by the fire
And wholesome food. What more could man desire?
He thanked his entertainer, as was fit,
And crack'd his jokes, and laughed at his own wit.
When drowsiness came on he sought repose,
Slept well, and then, at early dawn, arose.
His horse was brought, but ere he rode away
He drew his wallet out his host to pay.

The Indian refused the guerdon small
With which the man had thought to cancel all
His obligation, then drew up his form
To its full height, and, with a touch of scorn,
“Call you to mind,” said he, “ten years ago,
An Indian sought shelter from the snow,
Of you: benighted, spurn'd from your abode,
I, stranger, was that *cursèd Indian toad!*
What you refused to give, you have received;
By one whom you relieved not, been relieved.
Now learn a lesson, *For the future do*
To men as you would have men do to you.”







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